

A  
 REVIEW  
 OF THE  
 STATE  
 OF THE  
 BRITISH NATION.

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Thursday, May 12. 1709.

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**I** Have been pressing the *Jacobite* Gentlemen in this Nation to abandon the sinking Vessel they are embark'd in, which, it is apparent, cannot carry them to the Port they aim at—But if they offer to launch into the Ocean before them, will certainly founder under them, and drown them all.

I am now turning my self, Gentlemen *Jacobites*, to the Incorrigible among you, if any such there will yet be, and am to read you a brief Lecture of your future Circumstances——— And if I do give you an Anatomy of *Jacobinism*, after a Peace shall be made, I mean such a Peace as shall be to the Content of the Confederates, I hope, it may be for your Reproof, if not for your Recovery.

After twenty Years Struggle to reduce you— And near an hundred Millions *Sterling* expended in Money; after the Loss of so much Blood, and after such mighty Struggles, to take from you all Refuge in *Ireland*, in *France*, in *Spain*, or any where else, it might reasonably have been thought, that the Government should now treat you all as conquer'd Enemies, that the Claws of the Revolution should lay hold on you, and the *leaden Wings* of Justice having been a long Time bringing up her Power, her *Iron Hands* should now crush you entirely.

Nay, if you look into your own Conduct from the Beginning of this War, how you have, without any Compassion for your Native

Native Country, us'd all Means possible to involve it in Blood, Destruction, Slavery, and the Return of all that we have so long strove to keep out; if you look back upon the Steps you have always taken to bring this to pass—Whether by private Plot or open Cabals, Party-making and Faction, by Intriguing, Assassination, Invasion, and every possible Method, having left no Stone unturn'd: I say, if you look on this, you cannot but in your own Thoughts expect it should be now too late to cry Quarter—That the Flag of Peace has been so long held out, and you have rejected all Terms so long, you could not have the least Reason to think, there was any Room left you to treat, or any thing before you but meer rendering at Discretion.

Again, if you cast your Eyes to the Government, and do but reflect, How long, how very long the QUEEN has forborn you! How her Majesty has pitied your Delusions, - contemn'd your Insults, and with-held her Power from punishing you! Nay, even to a Crime has Mercy forborn you, to a Crime against the Personal Safety of the Prince, and a Crime against the publick Peace of the Nation! — How often has it been in the Power of the Law to punish, and indeed effectually suppress you, and yet all along has the White Flag been hung out?

Your Party have been so far from being mov'd at it, so far from being won by the Lenity and Clemency of the Government, That you have not forborn treating even the QUEEN Her self with the utmost Indecency and Contempt. From the Press, what Memorials; from the Pulpit, what Invectives; from your Scholars and Poets, Lampoons and Pasquinades; from your Statesmen, fine Speeches against the QUEEN, against her Councils, her Friends, and the Foundation on which She stands?

Your Pamphleteers have boldly disputed her very Right to the Crown in Print, and asserted the inherent Divinity of the Person of our Kings by direct Succession; and this in the Face of our Laws, which say, that whoever asserts, that the Parliament cannot limit that Succession, shall incur a *Premunire*.

Your *High-Flyers* have reproach'd the QUEEN with abandoning and deserting the Church, at the same Time that her Majesty was parting with a considerable Branch of her Royal Patrimony to support it.

Your Clergy are openly disowning her Majesty's Titles, and appealing to Heaven against her, by invoking the Blessing of GOD upon Popery, and her Majesty's Rival, at the same Time that they live under her Royal Protection, and have all their Privileges maintain'd by her Clemency and Favour.

And now, Gentlemen, the Play is almost done, the Farce is over, what can you think should come next? — Could you expect, when your Power was overcome, your Champion beaten, and your Cause at an End; I say, could you expect any thing but the just Vengeance of the Government? And yet even in this Juncture, to disperse the black Clouds that hung over you; and if you are not harden'd to Insatiation, to win you by inimitable Goodness — Behold an Act of Grace — A general Pardon, in which not a *Jacobite*, *Qua. Jacobite*, is excepted, none of your old Memorial Barbarisms are remember'd — You have had twenty Years Railing at the Revolution *Grave*, and you are at once wash'd White from all the CROCK and Smutt of *Jacobitism* — And set upon an equal Foot with your Neighbours.

Nay, and all this without your own seeking; you have beat no Parly, you are taken by Storm, and this Mercy is shown you in the Heat of Blood, contrary to all the Rules of War, contrary to the Law of Nations — Towns, entred Sword in Hand, are always given up to the Fury of the Soldiery; the Assailants shew no Mercy, nor the Defendants expect none — But here your Fortifications are batter'd down, your Support, *the King of France*, is beaten, and you are under Foot both You and your Cause; Revolution is entred at the Breach made in French Power, and *Jacobitism* is taken Sword in Hand — And what then? Instead of putting you all to the Sword — Behold, upon the Point of every Man's Weapon, a Piece of Paper with this



this written upon it, from your provok'd Sovereign, **FREE PARDON**——  
 Nay, and 'tis forc'd upon you too, miserable blinded Wretches, that must be sav'd against your Will; 'tis cram'd down your Throats. — 'Tis forc'd upon you—— In short, you shall be pardon'd, you shall be spar'd, whether you will or no—And if you will be hang'd—— It shall not be for *Jacobitism*, it shall be for the worst Crime Mankind can commit one against another; it shall be for **INGRATITUDE**—— It shall be for flying in the Face of Goodness, and for abusing Kindness; it shall be for that Viper-like Sin of stinging the Bosom that warms it——  
 And this I cannot but remind you of.

At present, Gentlemen, whether you will or no, you are levell'd with us all, as to the Law, and all the past Score is wip'd out; if you resolve to be hang'd, *you know the Way*, you must be put to the Trouble of committing the same Crime over again, and I may give you my Word—— It is impossible to call it the same Crime, for it will be blackned and deepned with a most criminal Addition, I mean, of most monstrous Ingratitude.

But if after all, you will in Spite of Mercy, in Spite of an indulgent Government, I had almost said, even in Spite of Destiny; if, I say, you will be hang'd—— Why **YOU MUST**; and I'll venture to add one Word more, **YOU SHALL**, never doubt it: I'll venture to say, *Jacobitism* meets with no more Acts of Grace in this Age, unless the Government runs mad, and lowers the Rate of Mercy even to the utmost Contempt—— No, no, Gentlemen, if there are any yet Incurable among you, I must apply the Words of *Solomon* to him, spoken in another Case—— *Let him flee to the Pit, let no Man stay him.*

And I cannot think you can say, I am arrogant in this Case—— The Temper of Revolution and *Jacobite* Principles is easie to be distinguish'd here—— Generosity, Clemency, Pity, and Charity, attend the Revolution-Principle; our Delight is not in Blood or Revenge; the Design is to reconcile the Enemies, not extirpate; pardon, not punish; spare, not destroy; protect, not oppress——

And this appears in granting a Pardon, unask'd, and every Body knows underserv'd, to the most implacable Enemies, at a Time when they are all in our Hands, and at Mercy. The *Jacobite* Principle has to our sad Experience been shewn upon all Occasions for 28 Years together in *England*, but especially in *Scotland*, in Banishings, Plunderings, Oppressings, Invading of Property, and unsufferable Injustice; besides Persecutions, Imprisonments, and Executions; without Example, and without Number——And Revenge upon any Resistance to the utmost.

Now, Gentlemen, you are however Happy in this, that if you please, all is over, and if you can govern your selves now, all will be over, and you are upon even Terms with your Neighbours—— But if you will be mad, if you have no Bounds with you, if you will run your selves into Extremities, that Text must over-take you, in the Letter of it, tho' meant in another Sense, *He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his Neck, shall suddenly be destroy'd, and that without Remedy.*

And this leads me back to the Argument I at first started; Do not always expect Clemency and Favour; this Patience of the Government will not always last, it cannot always last; Men, Governments, Nations, they cannot always bear; Human Patience is not Infinite, nor can it last always, and when it ends, the Retribution will be severe.

And this is a full Answer to the Objections rais'd by some People, against the late Act call'd the Treason-Bill, which some People would call severe, others would say, is an Infraction of the Union—— Waving at present the Examination of the Particulars, all which have their proper Explications, and may, perhaps with more Ease than some People imagine, be both justify'd to our Reason, and reconciled to the Union—— But waving that, I say, I would desire those Gentlemen, who object, to consider Circumstances, and bring either Face of Things together.

Let them put the Government and *Jacobitism* together, and let them put the Treason-Bill and the Act of Grace together, and let